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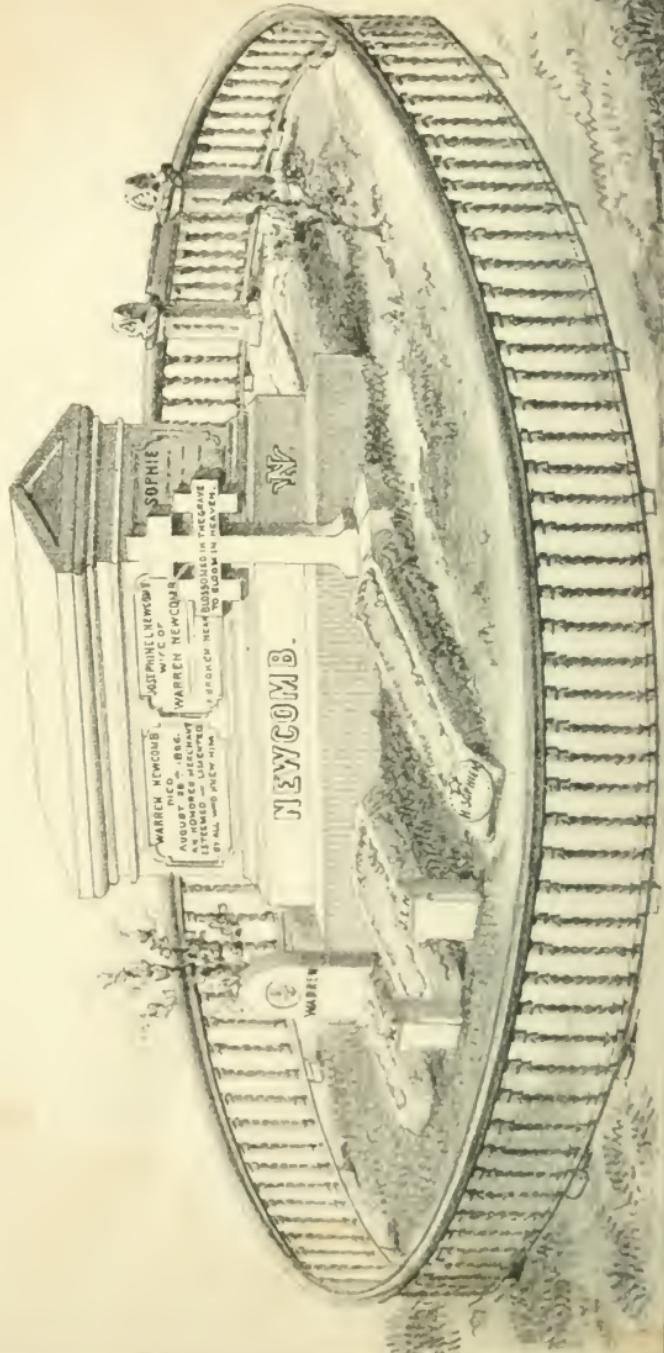
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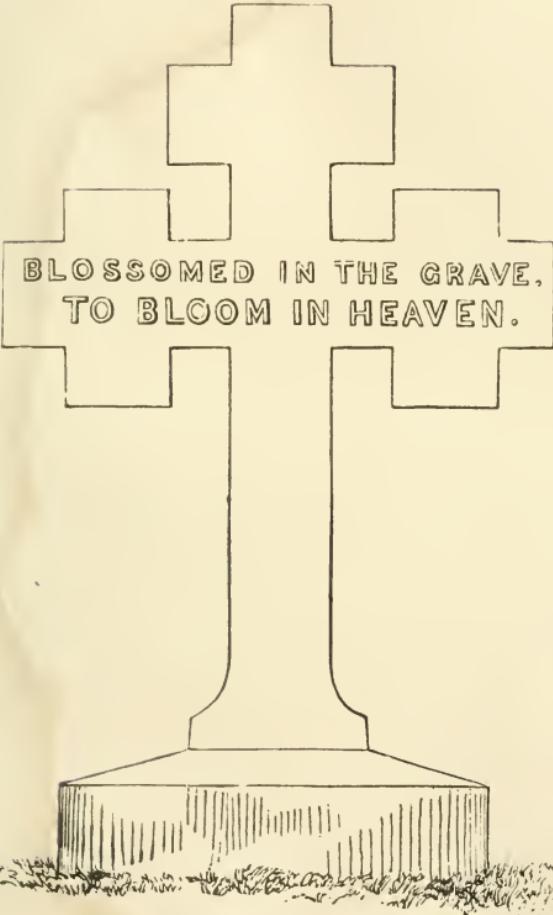
$\frac{\partial}{\partial \lambda}$
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~~To Mrs F L Hawks
with all ^{the} regards
from her beloved
Mother.~~

AN
(Newcom)

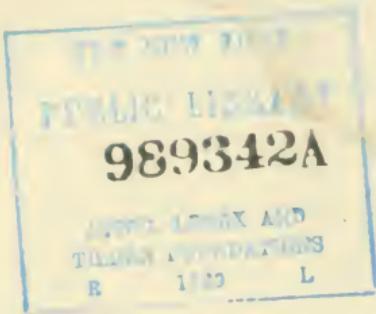
1. Name (Forename, Surname) & date
John Smith





BLOSSOMED IN THE GRAVE,
TO BLOOM IN HEAVEN.

"A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE."



HARRIOTT SOPHIE NEWCOMB was born in the city of New York, on Sunday morning, the 29th July, 1855. She was the only daughter of Warren and Josephine L. Newcomb, and, after the decease of her infant brother, was the only child. Her father was a native of Massachusetts, but early removed to Kentucky, where he established himself in a large commercial business, which was crowned with success. Few men equalled him in wise judgment and forecast, and his pleasant manners and liberal nature made him popular wherever known. His extensive business gave him a wide acquaintance in the Western and Southern cities, and in New York and Boston. He was married in Christ Church, New Orleans, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, to Miss Josephine L. Le Monnier. She was a

native of Baltimore, of excellent family, possessing a superior education, and graced with many fine gifts.

Sophie (the name by which this dear child was always called by her parents and friends), from her very infancy was a great favorite with all who knew her, and as she grew up, developed a superior mind and an unusual desire for intellectual pursuits. When she was six years old she went with her parents to France, and resided in Paris about six months. She spoke French at eight years of age, and was proficient in many studies, though she had never attended school, and had been wisely kept back by her parents from much mental exertion. September, 1865, when ten years of age, she became a pupil in the Seminary of Miss H. B. Haines and Miss De Janon, in New

York, where she pursued her studies to the satisfaction of her parents and teachers until June, 1866, when the shadows of her first great sorrow, in the serious illness of her father, fell upon her, followed by his death in the month of August of the same year, which for a time caused a change in the plans for her education. This terrible bereavement, most severe to Sophie's mother, concentrated her heart and interest more in her daughter's welfare than ever, and during the time following she pursued her studies at home; and from the period of her father's death to the time of her own departure, she was not absent from her mother for a single day. In October, 1867, Mrs. Newcomb went to Baltimore, and on the 14th of that month placed Sophie at the Eclectic Institute, where she made

great progress in her studies. Although compelled by ill health to leave the school several weeks previous to the vacation, she received, in addition to her awarded prizes, the "Excelsior" for all her classes.

On Mrs. Newcomb returning to New York, in September, 1868, until June, 1870, she was again a pupil of Miss Haines, and gained her approbation and love by her quick perception and aptness in all her duties as well as by her sweet manners and gentle ways. Her mother had for some years made her summer home at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, where both herself and Sophie enjoyed good health, and the magnificent and wonderful scenery that makes that point so famous throughout the

world, as well as the quiet and refined circle of friends whom they were wont to meet there. On their return to New York in September, Mrs. Newcomb desired that Sophie should pursue her education at home, and engaged the services of the Rev. F. M. Gray, a gentleman of much cultivation and learning and of earnest religious character, as her tutor, and he daily from that time until her death instructed her in those branches that were necessary to adorn and make useful her life in the station in which God had placed her.

There was in her mother's heart an anxiety regarding Sophie's health from this time, which was not shared by her friends generally, for Sophie never appeared more blithesome and happy, or pursued her

studies with more alacrity or delight. We well remember the few days before her fatal sickness, her bright smiles, and the cheerful way she met her friends and performed her usual avocations.

On Friday, the 9th December, while in the midst of her plans for making her friends happy at Christmas time, she was attacked with chilliness and a sense of pain in the throat, which at first seemed like to the sore throats from which she had frequently suffered for a short time and then quickly recovered. Her mother sent for the physician who had previously attended Sophie, and he considered her sickness of a more serious character. On the Monday following it was pronounced to be diphtheria, and from that time until Friday

evening, when she passed from suffering to joy eternal, with alternations of hope and fear and even temporary relief, the disease increased in virulence. Her sufferings at times were extreme, but her mind was clear to the last and she passed from her mother's arms to those of her Saviour, in full consciousness and with unquestioned faith and hope.

Her funeral (which was delayed until the Wednesday following, to give time to near relatives from New Orleans and Louisville to be present) was attended by a very large number of friends, and it was a touching sight to see gray-haired and venerable men bowed down with grief and giving way to tears as they looked upon her sweet calm face, beautiful even in death, and lis-

tened to the sad but hopeful words of her tutor and friend, the Rev. Mr. Gray, who officiated. But on that sad day there was no sight so sad as to witness the heart-broken mother, now bereft of *all her loved ones*, without husband and without children, listening with tearless eye and almost hopeless face to the precious words of the burial service of our church which committed to the grave, away from her sight and heart and home the mortal body of her dear Sophie.

The precious form was laid where lays her father and infant brother, beneath the shades of Greenwood, there to rest until the morning of the resurrection.

We cannot close this brief and incomplete sketch of one so dear and lovely,

and graced with so many excellent qualities of mind and heart without speaking of her religious character and life. Sophie was baptized in Calvary Church, New York, when she was six weeks old, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, who was always her pastor and friend. She had an earnest religious nature, and she loved her Sunday-school and its teachings ; but above all her Bible, which was her daily companion, and the marks she had made with her pencil all through its sacred pages show how sincerely she studied and understood its truths.

When she was twelve years of age she greatly desired to be confirmed, but her pastor thought it wise to delay the matter for a time on account of her youth.

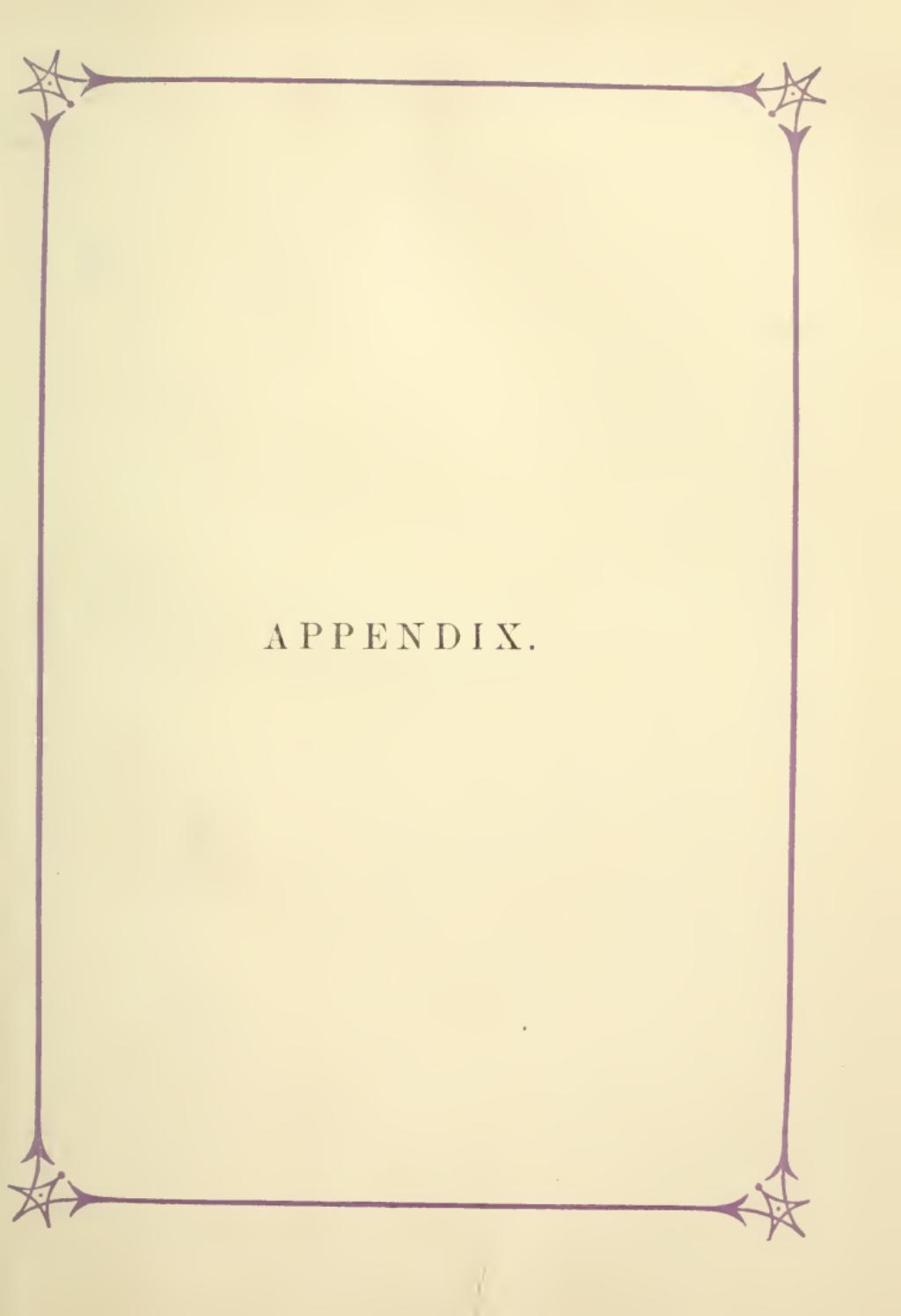
She became one of the earliest life members of the Child's Church Missionary Society by her own contribution, and was glad to go up to the courts of the Lord and to worship Him in His Holy Temple. She needs not now to make that outward profession of faith in Jesus which she so earnestly wished to make, for in His presence she shall always worship Him, and He who knew her heart needed no further manifestation of her faith and love.

Dear Sophie, many eyes weep that you have been so early called! Many hearts ache because they shall see your pleasant face no more on the earth.

It seems mysterious that one whom God had endowed with large intellectual gifts and blessed with abundant fortune and

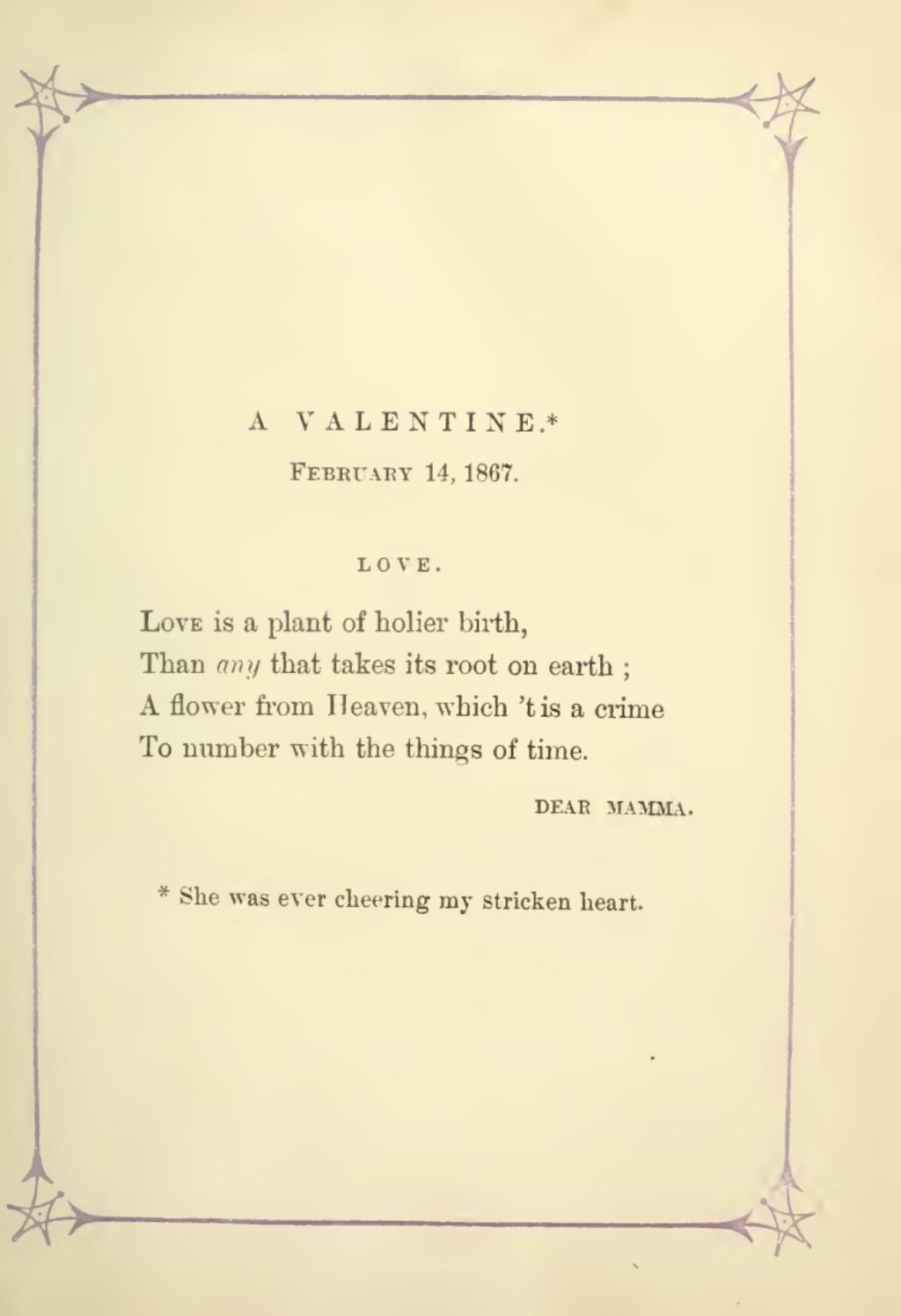
social position, with a heart to use these gifts with wisdom, should pass away in the morning of her life ; but in that brighter day, and in that clearer vision which she now enjoys, the mystery shall disappear, and we who shall be permitted to meet her there will see the wisdom and the love that guided all her days and took her so soon to be forever with her Lord.





APPENDIX.





A VALENTINE.*

FEBRUARY 14, 1867.

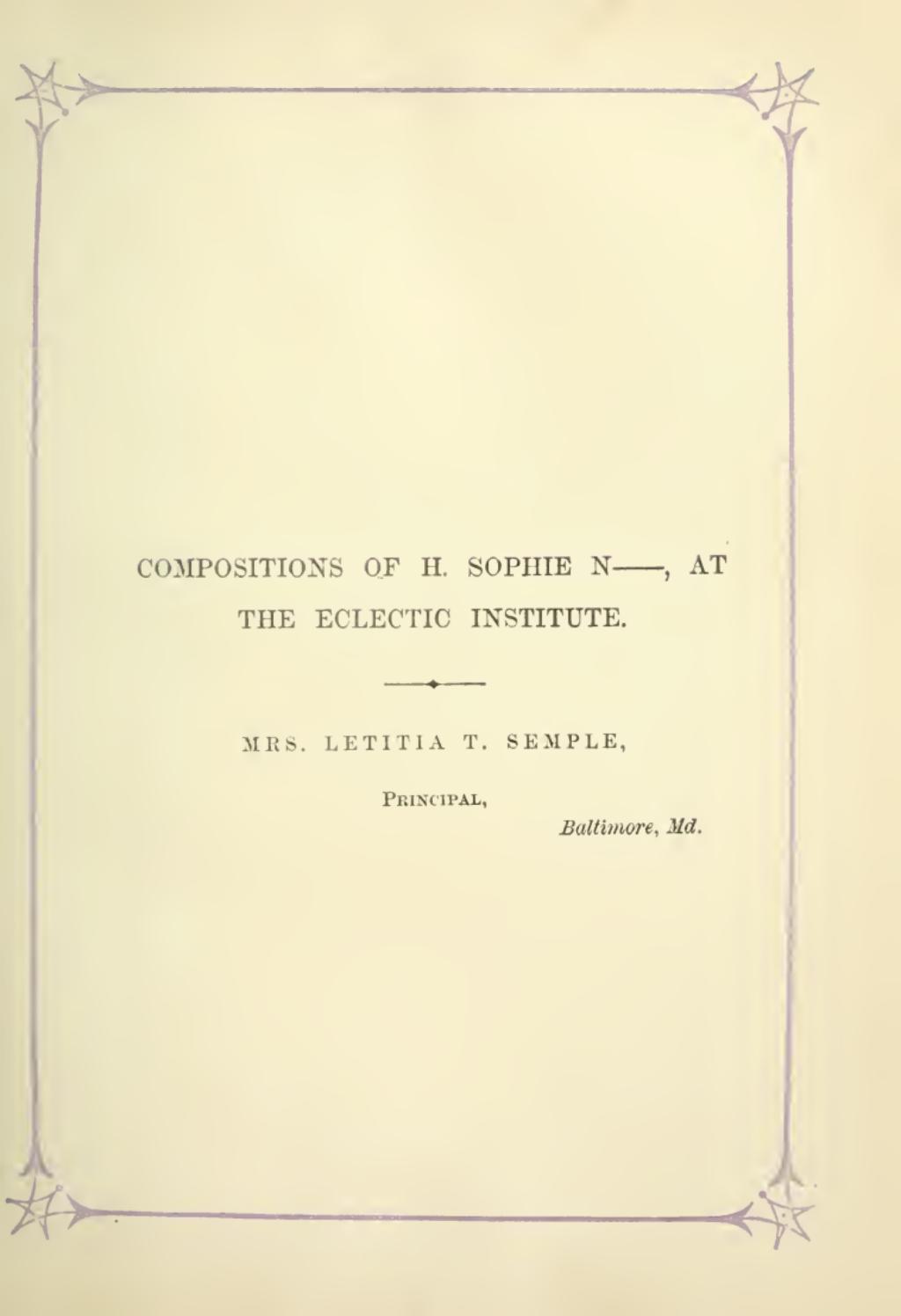
LOVE.

Love is a plant of holier birth,
Than *any* that takes its root on earth ;
A flower from Heaven, which 't is a crime
To number with the things of time.

DEAR MAMMA.

* She was ever cheering my stricken heart.





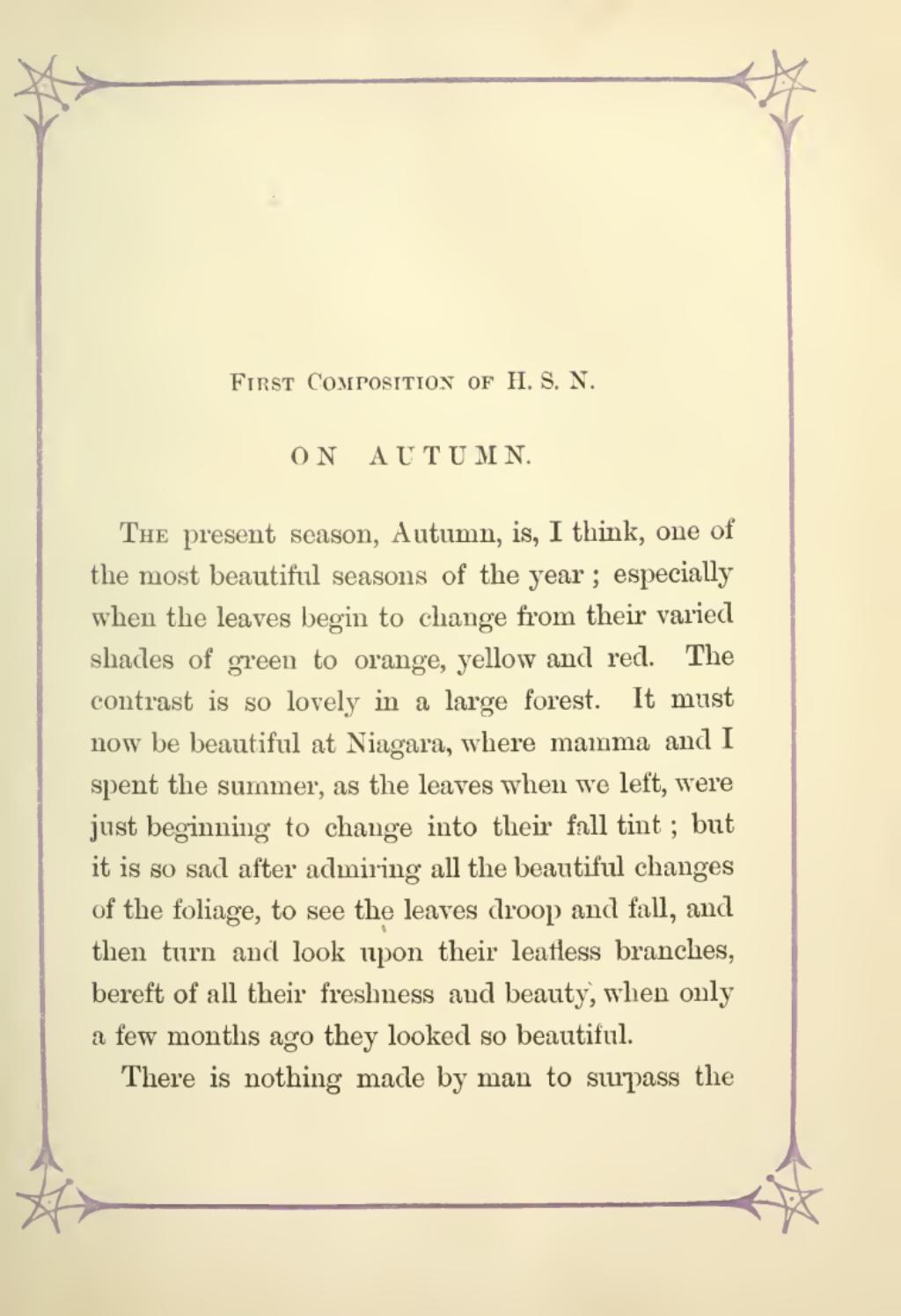
COMPOSITIONS OF H. SOPHIE N—, AT
THE ECLECTIC INSTITUTE.

MRS. LETITIA T. SEMPLE,

PRINCIPAL,

Baltimore, Md.



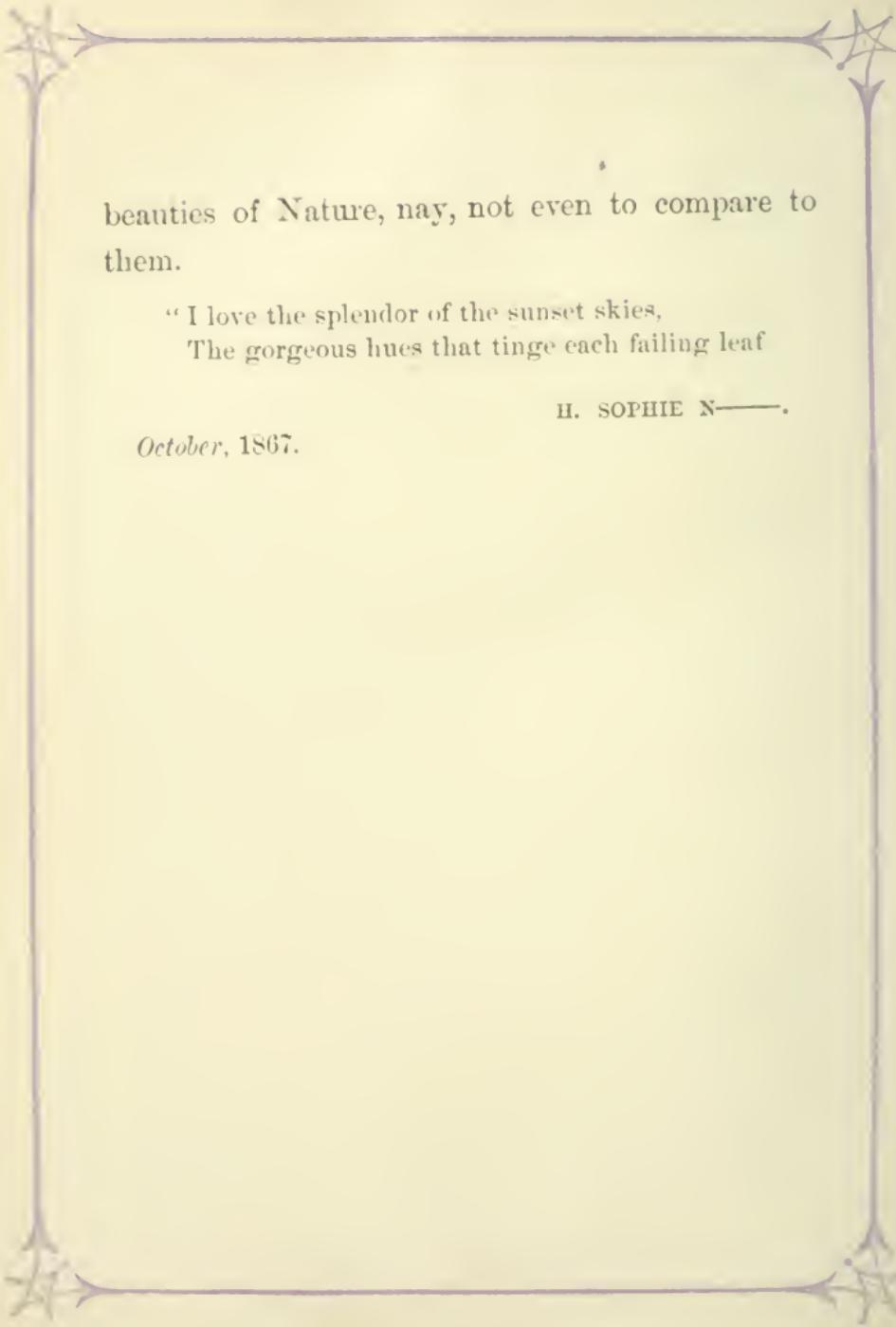


FIRST COMPOSITION OF H. S. N.

ON AUTUMN.

THE present season, Autumn, is, I think, one of the most beautiful seasons of the year ; especially when the leaves begin to change from their varied shades of green to orange, yellow and red. The contrast is so lovely in a large forest. It must now be beautiful at Niagara, where mamma and I spent the summer, as the leaves when we left, were just beginning to change into their fall tint ; but it is so sad after admiring all the beautiful changes of the foliage, to see the leaves droop and fall, and then turn and look upon their leafless branches, bereft of all their freshness and beauty, when only a few months ago they looked so beautiful.

There is nothing made by man to surpass the

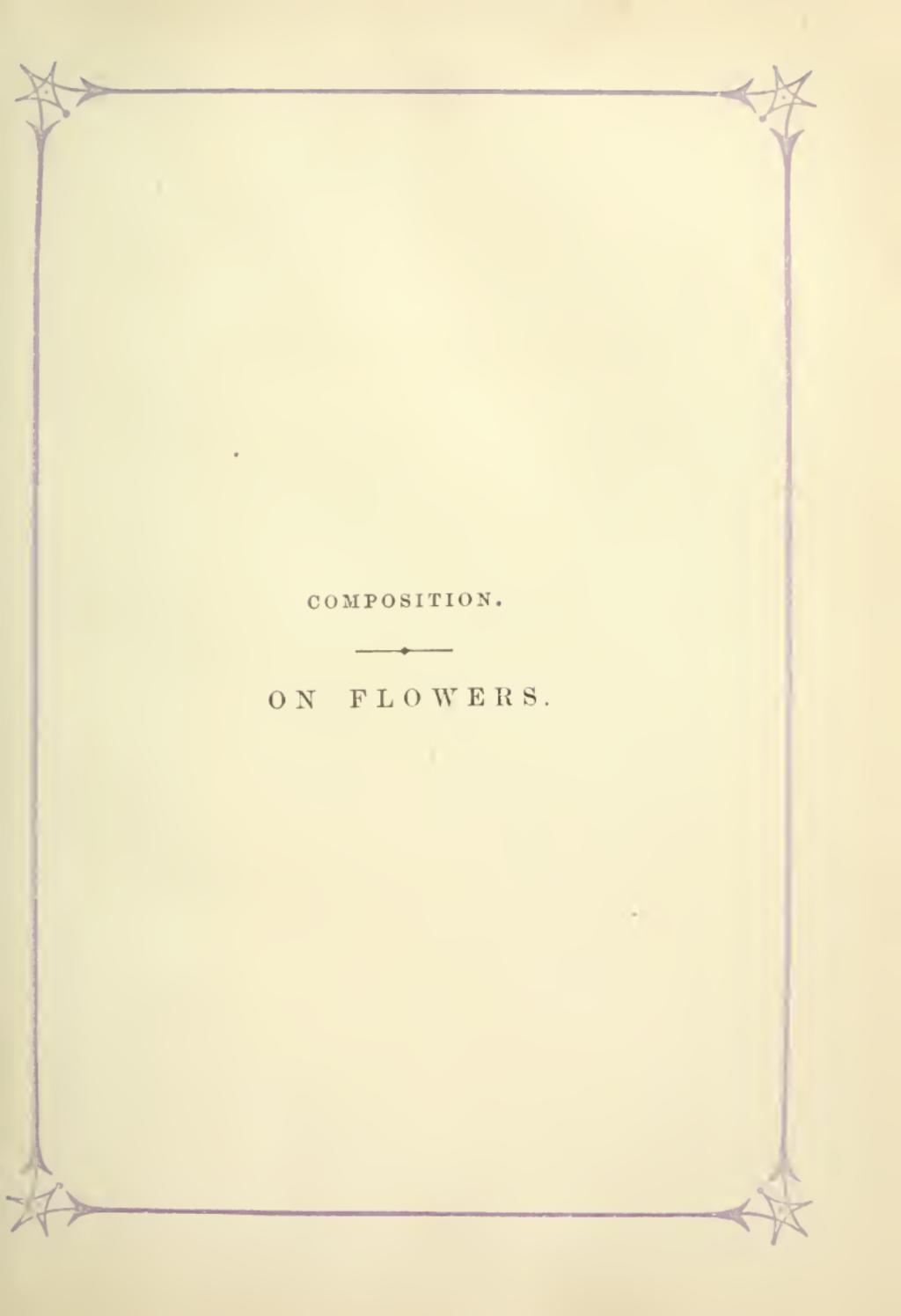


beauties of Nature, nay, not even to compare to them.

“ I love the splendor of the sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf

H. SOPHIE N——.

October, 1867.

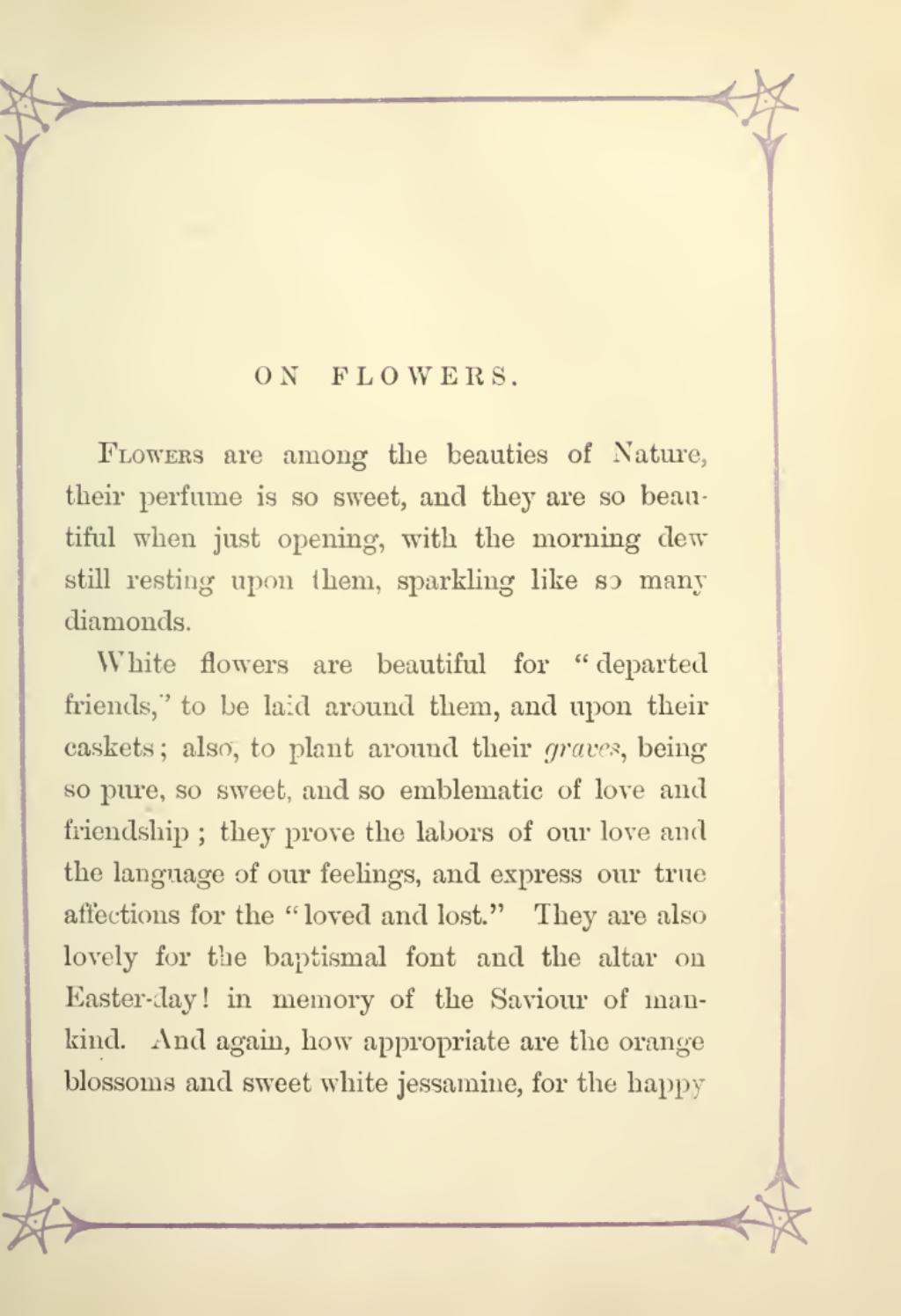


COMPOSITION.



ON FLOWERS.

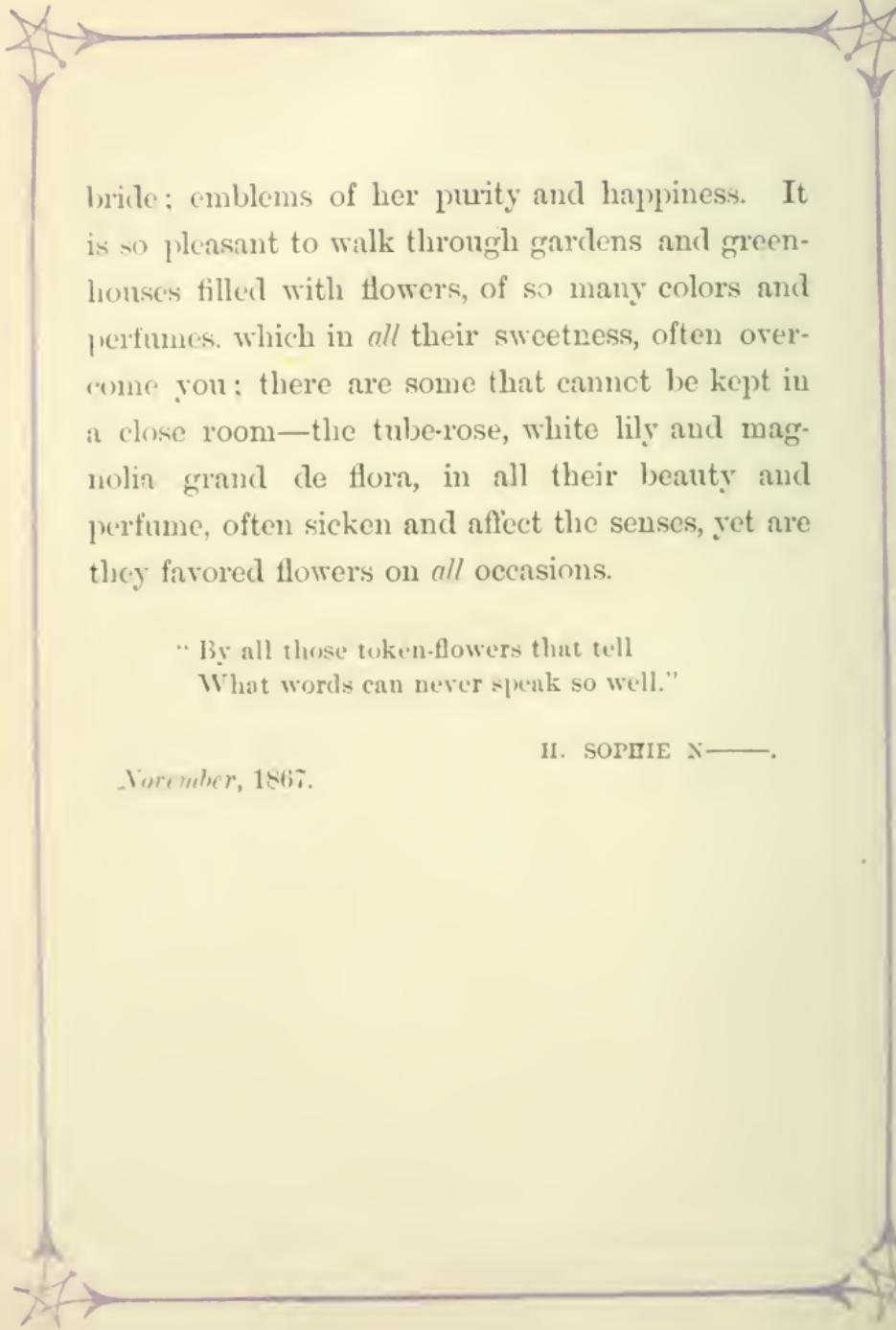




ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are among the beauties of Nature, their perfume is so sweet, and they are so beautiful when just opening, with the morning dew still resting upon them, sparkling like so many diamonds.

White flowers are beautiful for “departed friends,” to be laid around them, and upon their caskets; also, to plant around their *graves*, being so pure, so sweet, and so emblematic of love and friendship; they prove the labors of our love and the language of our feelings, and express our true affections for the “loved and lost.” They are also lovely for the baptismal font and the altar on Easter-day! in memory of the Saviour of mankind. And again, how appropriate are the orange blossoms and sweet white jessamine, for the happy



bride; emblems of her purity and happiness. It is so pleasant to walk through gardens and green-houses filled with flowers, of so many colors and perfumes, which in *all* their sweetness, often overcome you; there are some that cannot be kept in a close room—the tube-rose, white lily and magnolia grand de flora, in all their beauty and perfume, often sicken and affect the senses, yet are they favored flowers on *all* occasions.

“ By all those token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well.”

H. SOPHIE N——.

November, 1867.



COMPOSITION.

— · —

ON HER DESIRES.



WHAT I DESIRE IN THE FUTURE.

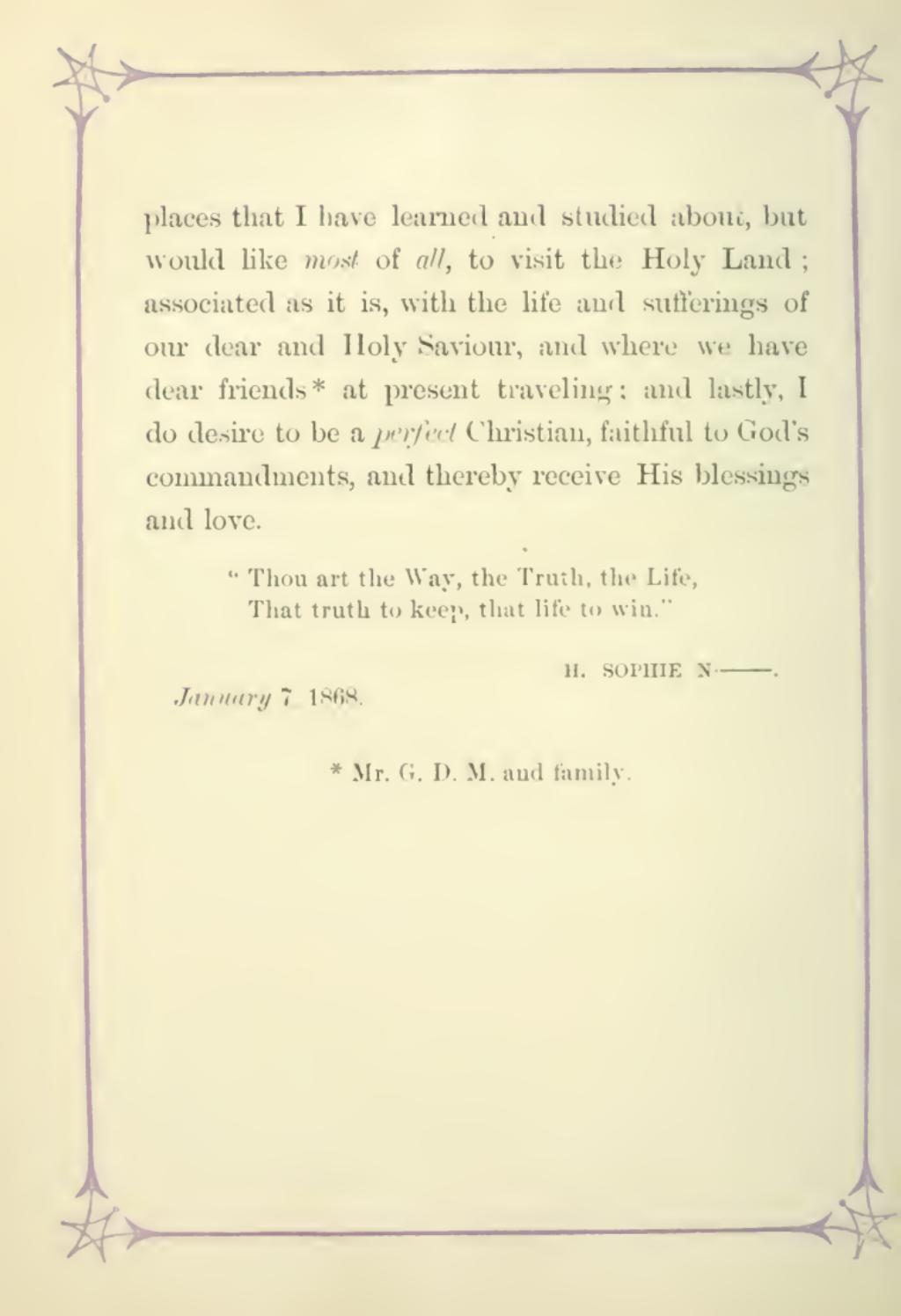
FIRST, I would like my dear and only parent, spared to me in health and strength until my education is finished, and as long afterwards, as it shall please my Heavenly Father to spare her to me. Then I desire to be a comfort to her, and to reward her for *all* she has done for me through life.

I should like sufficient means, with my labors, to relieve the poor and suffering, and to do, and to give all in my power to the aged, the infirm and the needy.

I want to possess affectionate and *true* friends, whose sincerity I can depend upon.

“ Give me a feeling, faithful heart,
Perfection’s richest prize.”

I wish *much* to travel, and visit countries and



places that I have learned and studied about, but would like *most* of *all*, to visit the Holy Land ; associated as it is, with the life and sufferings of our dear and Holy Saviour, and where we have dear friends* at present traveling : and lastly, I do desire to be a *perfect* Christian, faithful to God's commandments, and thereby receive His blessings and love.

“ Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
That truth to keep, that life to win.”

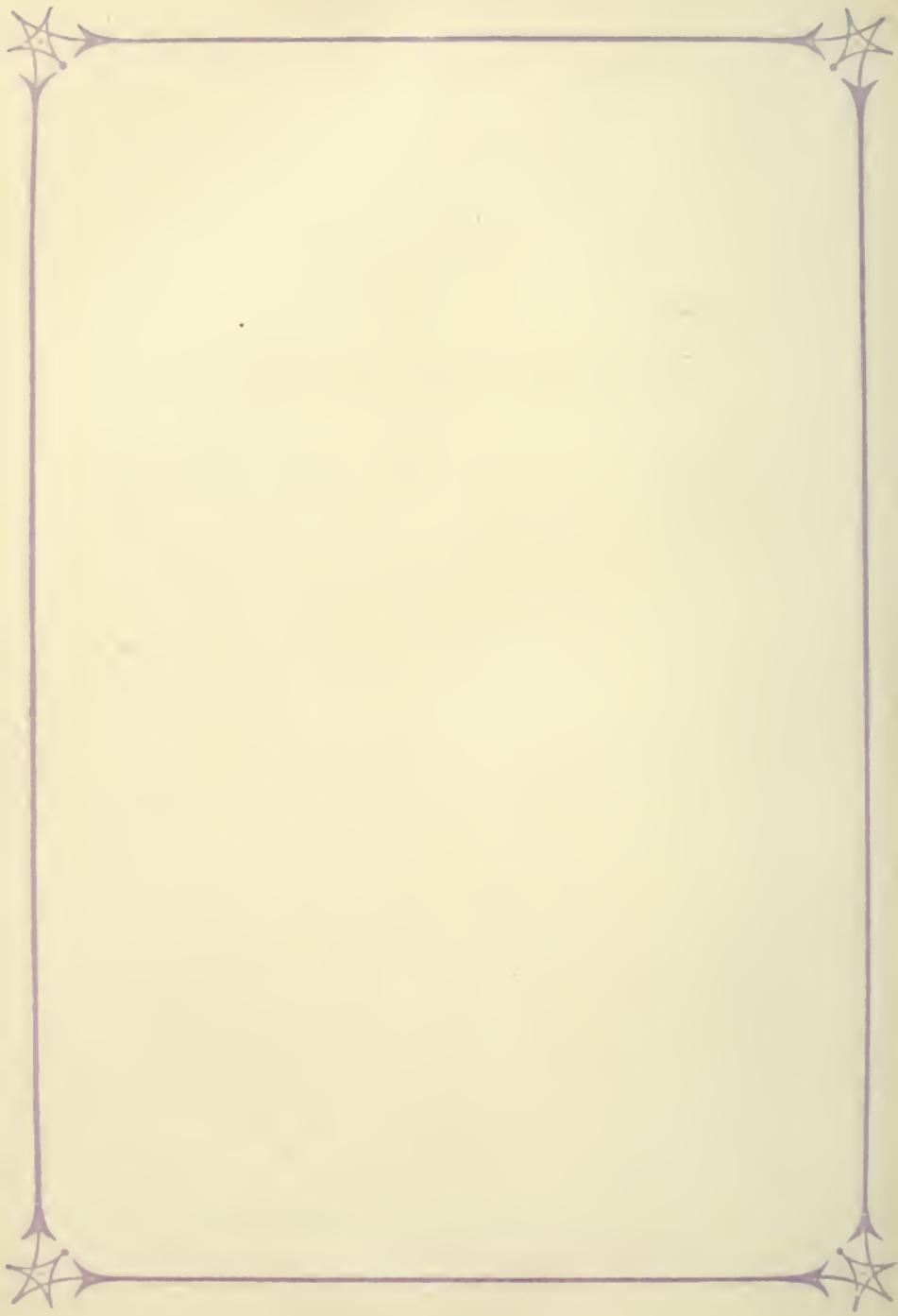
H. SOPHIE N.—.

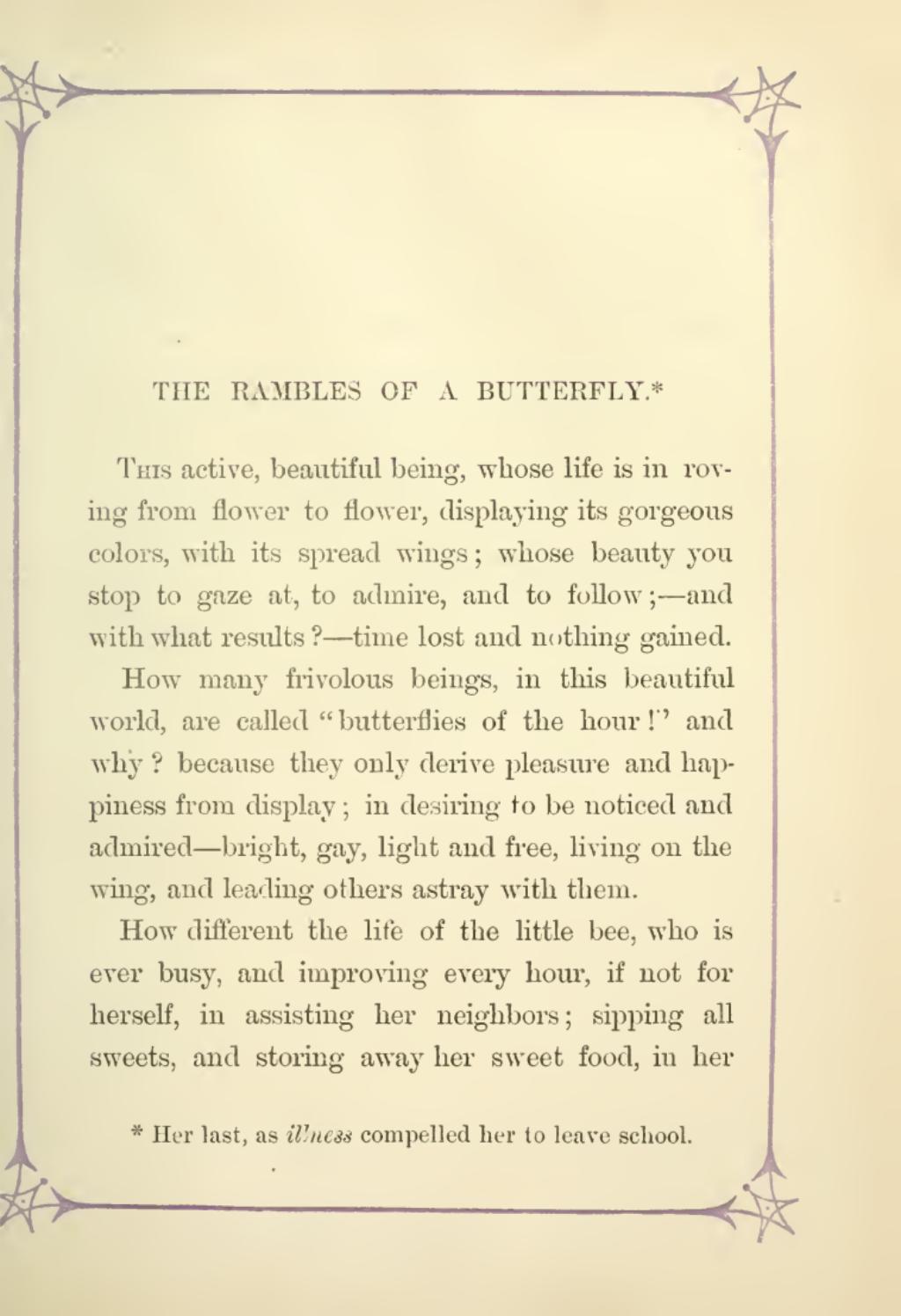
January 7 1868.

* Mr. G. D. M. and family.

SUBJECT GIVEN BY

M R S . L . T . S E M P L E .





THE RAMBLES OF A BUTTERFLY.*

THIS active, beautiful being, whose life is in roving from flower to flower, displaying its gorgeous colors, with its spread wings ; whose beauty you stop to gaze at, to admire, and to follow ;—and with what results ?—time lost and nothing gained.

How many frivolous beings, in this beautiful world, are called “butterflies of the hour !” and why ? because they only derive pleasure and happiness from display ; in desiring to be noticed and admired—bright, gay, light and free, living on the wing, and leading others astray with them.

How different the life of the little bee, who is ever busy, and improving every hour, if not for herself, in assisting her neighbors ; sipping all sweets, and storing away her sweet food, in her

* Her last, as *illness* compelled her to leave school.

works and labors ; for which, how many await enjoyment and happiness from, and also, often relieves the sick and the suffering.

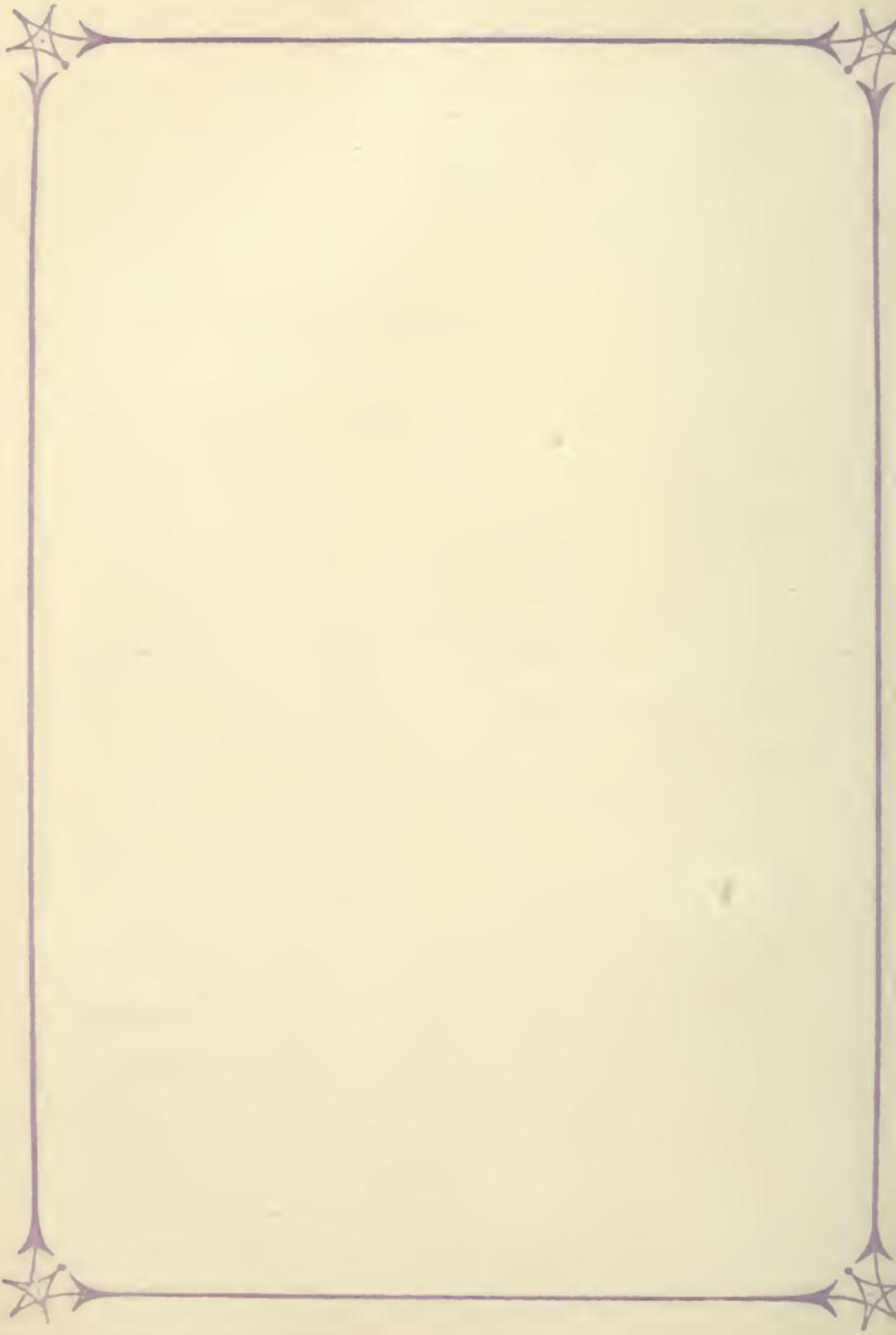
“ In books or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed ;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.”

H. SOPHIE N——.

ECLECTIC INSTITUTE,
May, 1868.

WRITTEN TO HER COUSIN, MRS. H. S. H —.

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT SON.



NEW YORK HOTEL,
New York, 15 Novembre, 1869.

CHÈRE COUSINE,—Je venais justement de vous écrire une longue lettre en français, dans laquelle je vous parlais de tous vos petits garçons ; quand mama à reçu un journal de Cousin Jacques (votre père) dans lequel est la mort de votre petit enfant, "Lamar." Mama avait l'intention de vous écrire immédiatement mais je la priai de me laisser vous écrire à sa place. Je sais, chère cousine, que vous etes très triste parceque Cousin Jacques (votre père) nous avait écrit que Lamar était si beau ; mais vous pouvez être certaine que vous avez maintenant deux petits anges qui prient pour vous.

Mama, me charge de vous dire qu'elle vous écrira aussitôt qu'elle pourrai. Soyez assez aimable pour dire à Cousine Amélie, de ma part que je traduis, beaucoup mieux que quand elle était ici.

Je suis sur chère cousine que si vous me rencon-
triez dans la rue, vous ne me connaîtriez pas, parce-
que je suis aussi grande que mama. Tous les
amis de papa pensent que je lui ressemble beau-
coup j'espere que je serai tant aimée que lui. Re-
pondez moi je vous prie en français.

Mille caresses à mes petits cousins et au Cousin
Sid.

Votre affectionnée cousin,

H. SOPHIE N——.

LAST COMPOSITION OF H. S. N.

AT MISS H. B. HAINES'.



Miss Haines gave Sophie's Class for a Composition the
Character of King Lear.

LEAR, one of Shakespeare's heroes, was King of England, and being aged, he desired to divide his kingdom between his three daughters, according to their love for him—Goneril, the Duke of Cornwall's wife; Regan, the Duke of Albany's wife, and Cordelia, his youngest and favorite child, for whom there were two suitors—the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy. Lear asked Goneril how much she loved him, when she replied, "More than words can tell," and many other protestations with which he was delighted, and he immediately bestowed upon her a *third* of his kingdom. To Regan, his second daughter, he asked the same, when she replied to him like her elder sister, and to her also, he gave a third of his kingdom: he then asked Cordelia the same question ; she, being

much disgusted with her sisters' replies, although she probably loved him more than either, that she merely said ; "Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth. I love your majesty according to my bond, nor more nor less." At this answer Lear was much vexed, and divided the remaining third of his kingdom between Goneril and Regan ; he then called for Cordelia's two suitors, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy ; the latter refused the "dowerless daughter," while the King of France, proudly claimed the "precious maid" to be the "Queen of his fair France." After Lear divided the remaining third of his kingdom between his two eldest daughters, they ungratefully took nearly all his attendants from him, declaring that twenty-five were sufficient for him, and they also regarded him as a dotard, which affected him much. Then it was he saw the error of his actions towards Cordelia, and went to her, when she received him with love and kindness ; but owing to her sad end, was not

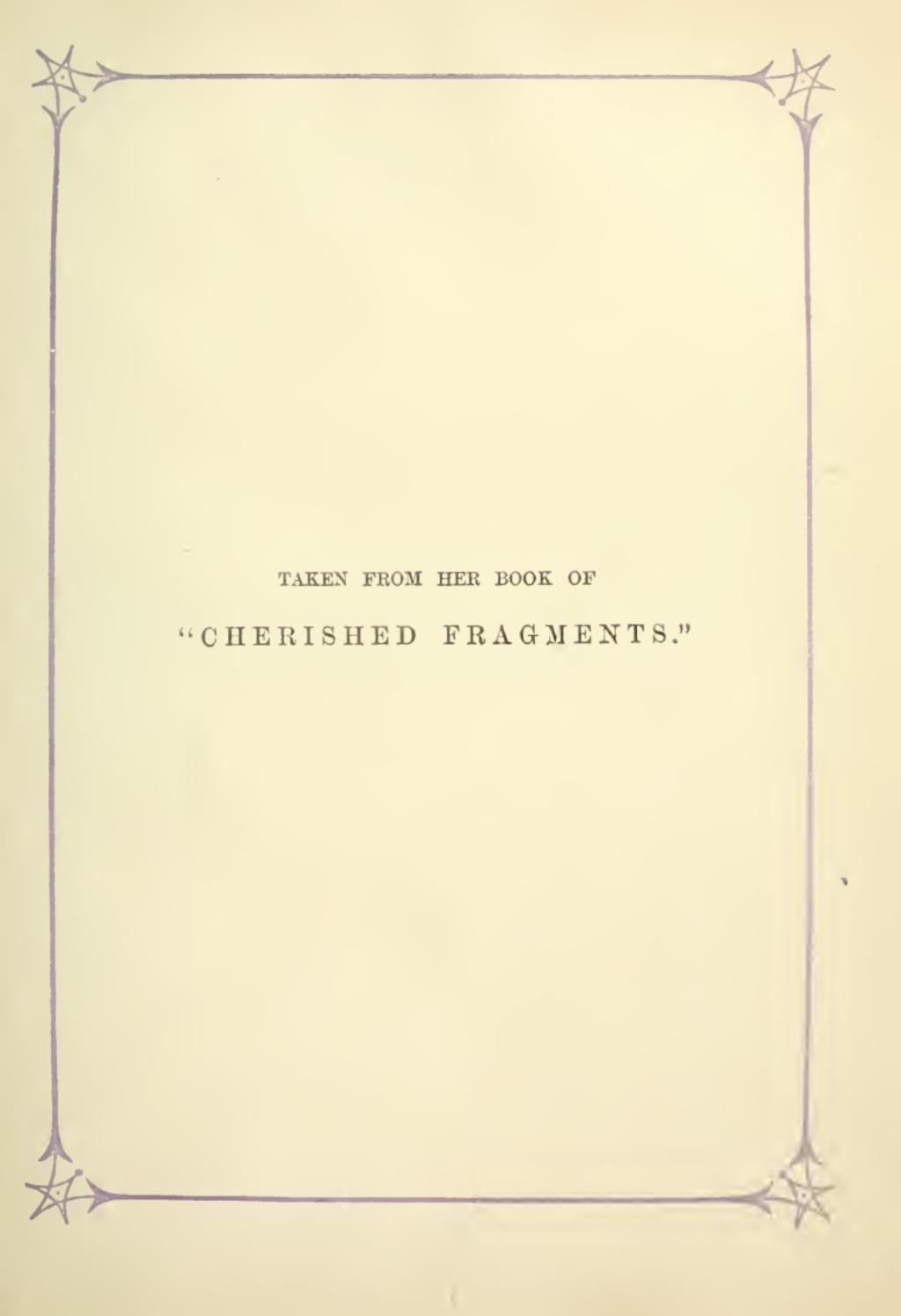
able to prove her Christian virtues, and her aged, miserable parent, died in looking upon the corpse of his loved and favorite child !

Thus ended the tragedy of Lear, which so much agitates and interests us, and fills the mind in its perusal with a constant tumult of indignation, pity and hope. The cruelty of the daughters, Goneril and Regan, is an *historical* fact, to which the poet has added but little.

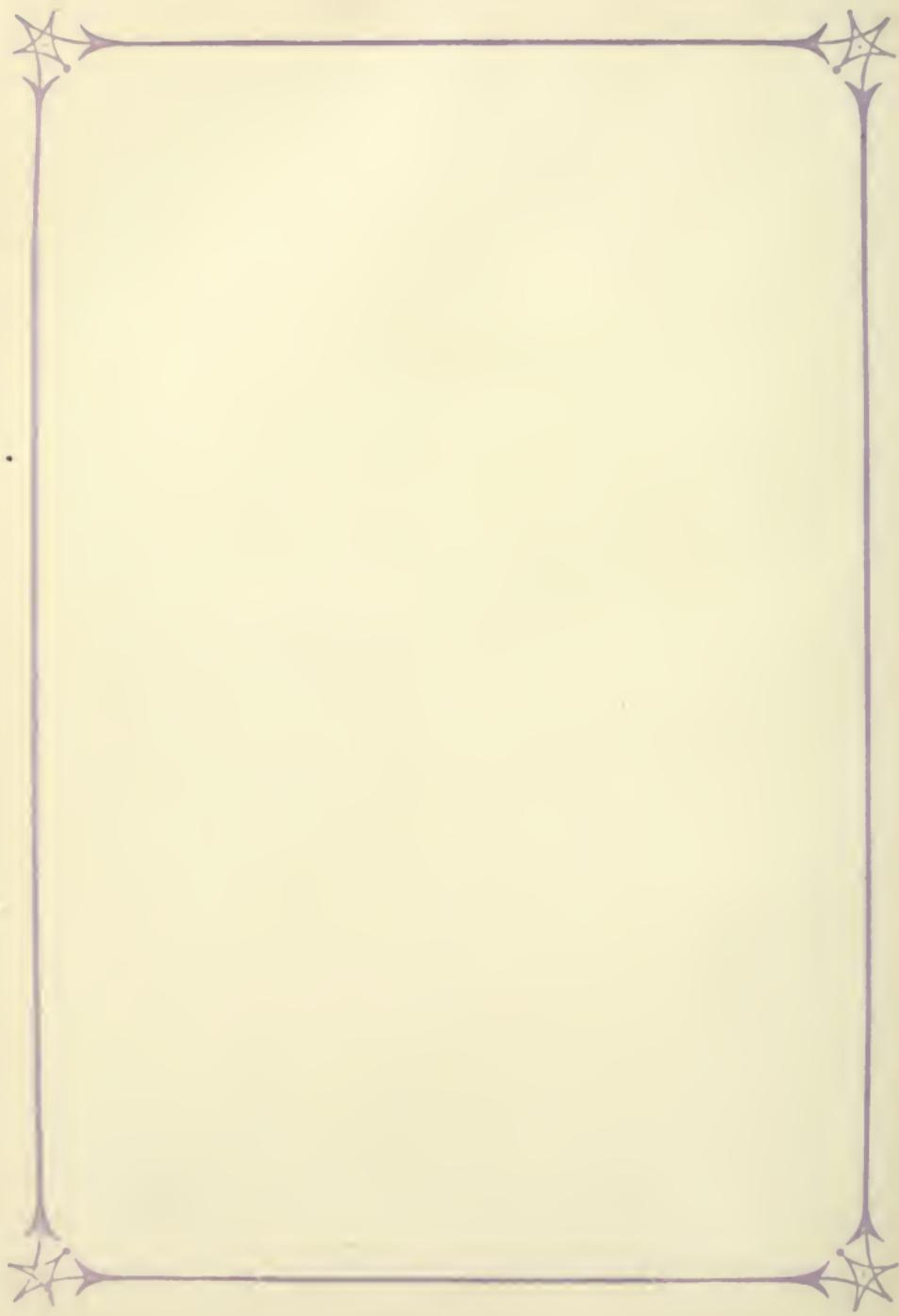
H. SOPHIE N.—.

December, 1869.





TAKEN FROM HER BOOK OF
"C H E R I S H E D F R A G M E N T S . "



F O R D E A R M A M M A.

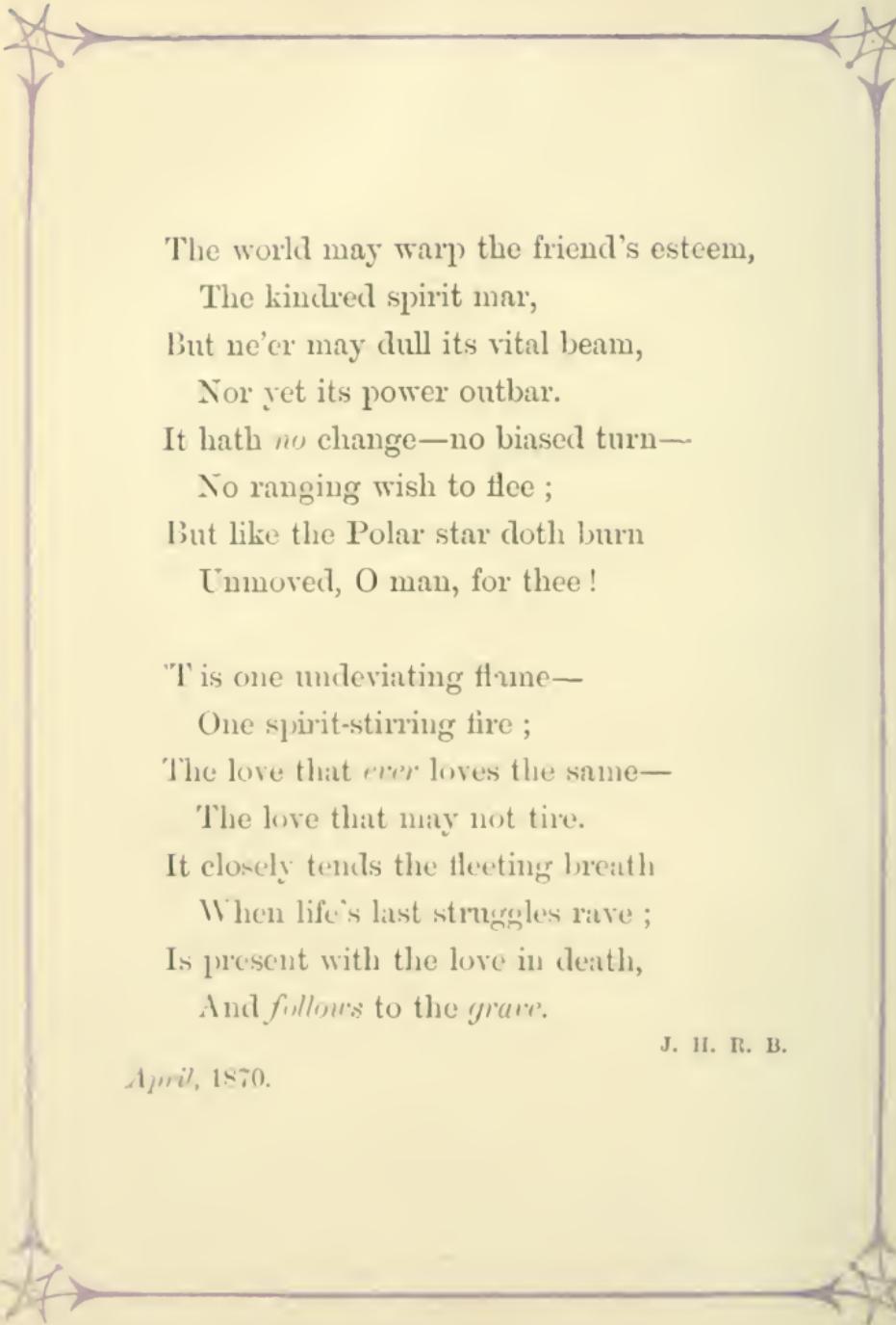
A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE lover's love may prove sincere
The kindred heart beat true,
The friend's affection be most dear,
And most devoted, too.

But oh, the love a mother feels,
What *language* shall express ?
The genial influence it reveals,
What other breast possess ?

'T is centered in the lisping babe—
Grows with the blooming child ;
And goes, forsooth, along with youth,
Nor slight in manhood wild.

'T is fixed, and fixed forever ! Yes,
When hopes and joys have gone,
That still remains—nor waneth less,
And thus adoreth on.



The world may warp the friend's esteem,
The kindred spirit mar,
But ne'er may dull its vital beam,
Nor yet its power outbar.
It hath *no* change—no biased turn—
No ranging wish to flee ;
But like the Polar star doth burn
Unmoved, O man, for thee !

'T is one undeviating flume—
One spirit-stirring fire ;
The love that *ever* loves the same—
The love that may not tire.
It closely tends the fleeting breath
When life's last struggles rave ;
Is present with the love in death,
And follows to the grave.

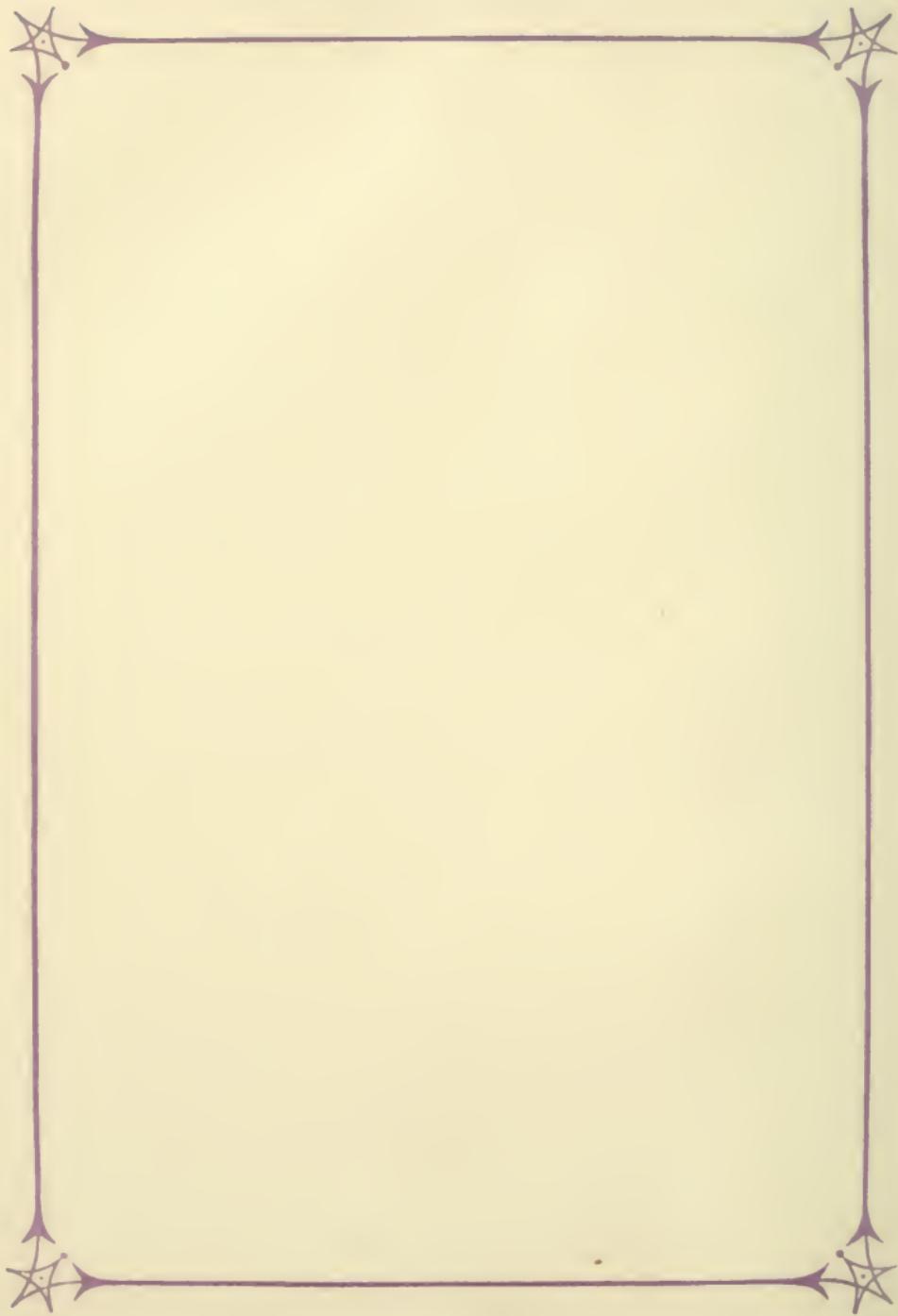
J. H. R. B.

April, 1870.

REMARKS BY HER TUTOR,

DR. F. M. GRAY,

AT THE FUNERAL.



If it were not for the blessed doctrine proclaimed in the divine words which I have just read, the sad event which has called us together to-day, would be hard indeed to reconcile with the merciful and loving providence of God. This fair young life, endowed with all natural qualities, surrounded with all external advantages to make life desirable, happy, successful—cut off in the early spring-time of its existence—it is a mystery which human wisdom is powerless to solve.

In very many instances one can see some ground of compensation in the event by which a beloved relative or friend is taken from the world. The old must die ; the mind instinctively reflects upon the toil and care and sorrow which is escaped by those who die even in the vigorous prime and success of middle life ; those who die in youth or childhood, we are wont to say, in many cases, are delivered from the manifold evils of a world of

spiritual danger, and into which "man is born unto trouble even as the sparks fly upward." But occasions of bereavement sometimes come, which are stern trials indeed to the firmest, and the most exalted Christian faith. With regard to the dear child who has just been taken from us, it requires truly the highest exercise of trust in God to reconcile the sad catastrophe which has cut short her bright earthly career, with His infinite benevolence and justice. The words of the Apostle, and such words as these only, can clear the mystery. This lovely flower, if we believe his words, is not cut off in death—it is translated only to the spiritual world where it shall bloom in the coming kingdom of the Lord, into a radiant immortality. The words which must be said, if anything at all is said, on occasions of this kind, in many cases are words of mere formal custom, conventional expressions of respect to the departed, expressions of sympathy with the bereaved. But in the attempt to speak of the lovely character of this dear child

—a child she was in years—I cannot think of her as a child in mind and heart—I am sure that there are none who knew her who will think anything which may be said words of mere formal eulogy.

I have often found it difficult to say what I would gladly have said at such times, from the very lack of definite traits of personal character to be described. But the difficulty which I feel in the present instance, is rather my inability to frame fit language to express my appreciation, and what I know must be yours, of the engaging qualities of her whose death we all feel to be a personal loss and bereavement. I have just now said she was a child in years—she had not yet reached her sixteenth birthday—but in mental maturity she was far beyond the period of childhood. She possessed an unusually quick and bright intelligence. Her studies were mastered with an ease which proceeded, perhaps, as much from a conscientious sense of duty in her application to them, as to the love of study and the fine mental powers which she

certainly possessed. Her instructors found their lessons with her a pleasure, rather than a task, by reason of her quickness of apprehension, but, also, through her considerate attention, which never flagged for a moment, and her unfailing sweetness and evenness of temper. I do not know that an unkind word ever passed her lips. I do not believe that an unkind thought ever found a place in her heart. With all the buoyant spirits and cheerful vivacity of youth and health, she was yet earnest and thoughtful beyond her years. All who knew her, old or young, need no reminder of her charming grace of manners, and her winning amiability. Her religious convictions were intelligent and clear ; her life was a bright example of loving devotion to the Saviour and to the Church of his love, and of walking meekly before Him with devout and reverent footsteps. God has taken her to Himself, as one plucks a fair and beautiful flower which wastes its sweetness in obscurity.

Thought and language almost fail in the attempt

to speak any words of comfort to this broken-hearted mother, now bereaved of all. What can we say ? What other consolation can we offer than the gift of human sympathy, which is precious always, and not wholly powerless, even in such grief as this—sympathy whichmingles our tears with her own, and claims a share in the sorrow of her bereavement? Yes! there is one thought of blessed power, to lift the heart from the lowest depths of despair and darkness. The present life at best, is short. The separation at the longest, must be brief. If the promises of our holy religion are true and faithful, she whom we have loved so dearly, is not lost, but only gone before us to a better country. And in that coming kingdom of the Lord, husband and wife, mother and daughter, shall be once more united, never to be separated again.

OBITUARY.

From the Express, New York.

AT the New York Hotel, on Friday, Dec. 16th, 1870, H. Sophie Newcomb, only child of the late Warren and Josephine L. Newcomb.

The accompanying notice chronicles a most pathetic event, which has brought sorrow to many, but has overwhelmed an already bereaved heart with still another and unspeakable woe. We cannot understand the wonderful ways of God, and we have need to pray that our faith fail not under such dismal and severe chastisements. There are some whose condition in life is so intolerable by reason of affliction, fickleness of fortune, or the unkindness of their fellow-men, that "had not the Everlasting fixed His canon 'against self-slaughter,'" they would voluntarily seek relief in death. Tenderly and sorrowfully be it spoken, but, alas! it is

too true, that many worn-out, refuse things in human shape, wretches, anxious to be rid of "a weary life," would have joyfully hailed the advent of this stern Messenger. How different the lot of our dear little Sophie! Here, a rare young creature was snatched unexpectedly from life, which was, as yet, all bright to her—from the arms of fond friends and from the world which she adorned and blessed. She might properly have been called one of the favorite children of fortune, and indeed of nature, whose handiwork was revealed in her fair form as she appeared just ready to pass from the expanding bud into the perfect flower. She was the daily admiration of all who saw her and knew her. All the elements of a noble character were combined in her. A superior intellect was added to her graceful and attractive person. It was with the utmost ease she prosecuted every branch of learning. Her talent for acquiring languages was, at the time of her sickness, perhaps more fully developed than any other faculty.

Nothing was impossible, or even very difficult to her. The poet has described a "form" so perfect that "every god did seem to set his seal upon it." Though this might be adulation if applied to a mortal, yet we can most truthfully say of her that Heaven "had set its seal" upon her sweet face, for her very brow and aspect proclaimed the divinity within. She possessed a deep nature and a large capacity for admiring and loving all that is beautiful, or lovely, or good. Her gentle soul had early yielded to the sweet influences of religion, the truths of which at all times easily and profoundly impressed her. Faith, Hope and Charity were exemplified in her life. "The greatest of these," Charity, was pre-eminently characteristic of her, as many can testify who were the recipients of her kind deeds, and as some well know, who have listened with pleasure to her benignant and charitable words. The little sparrows that came early in the morning to be fed from her balcony, could also bear witness to her benevolence. Her filial

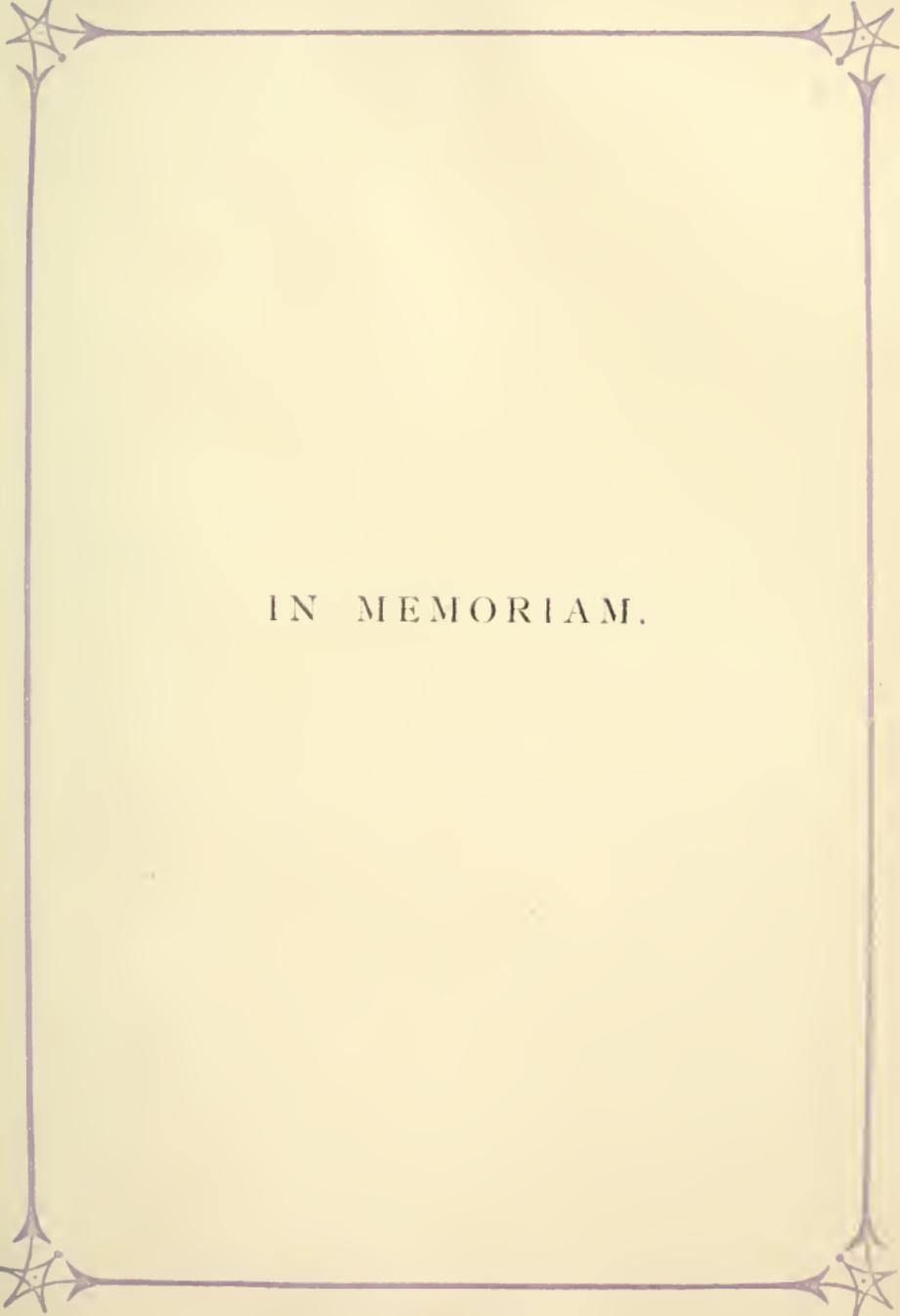
affection was something quite remarkable ; it was, indeed, her “ruling passion.” Her disposition and bearing towards all was so peculiarly winning that she received without the least effort on her part, universal admiration and love. In this brief sketch only a few points can be noticed, but it would not be easy to exhaust the story of her virtues. If regrets, prayers, tears, or love could have detained her, she would be with us still. Alas ! Alas ! there remains but the “cherished fragments” of the floral offerings of devoted hearts in crowns, harps, a broken column, crosses, wreaths, bouquets, and “Sleep in Jesus,” to the “fragrant memory” of all this loveliness, and the touching tribute of throwing flowers on her casket as it was lowered to its last resting place, has all vanished like a dream. “Time will work many changes ; the buoyancy of youth will depart ; bright hopes will fade from the sight, as we grow silent and thoughtful under the weight of accumulating years ; yet our hearts shall still enshrine her image, and

Friendship's Altar shall still receive our offerings,
while Memory, as high priest, renews the flame,
and Fancy cherishes the hope of a re-union in the
future."

Teach us to desire that "Thy will be done," O
God, but forgive us if these hearts which Thou
hast wrung are not yet able to utter the faltering
prayer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1871.

"F."



IN MEMORIAM.



IN MEMORIAM.

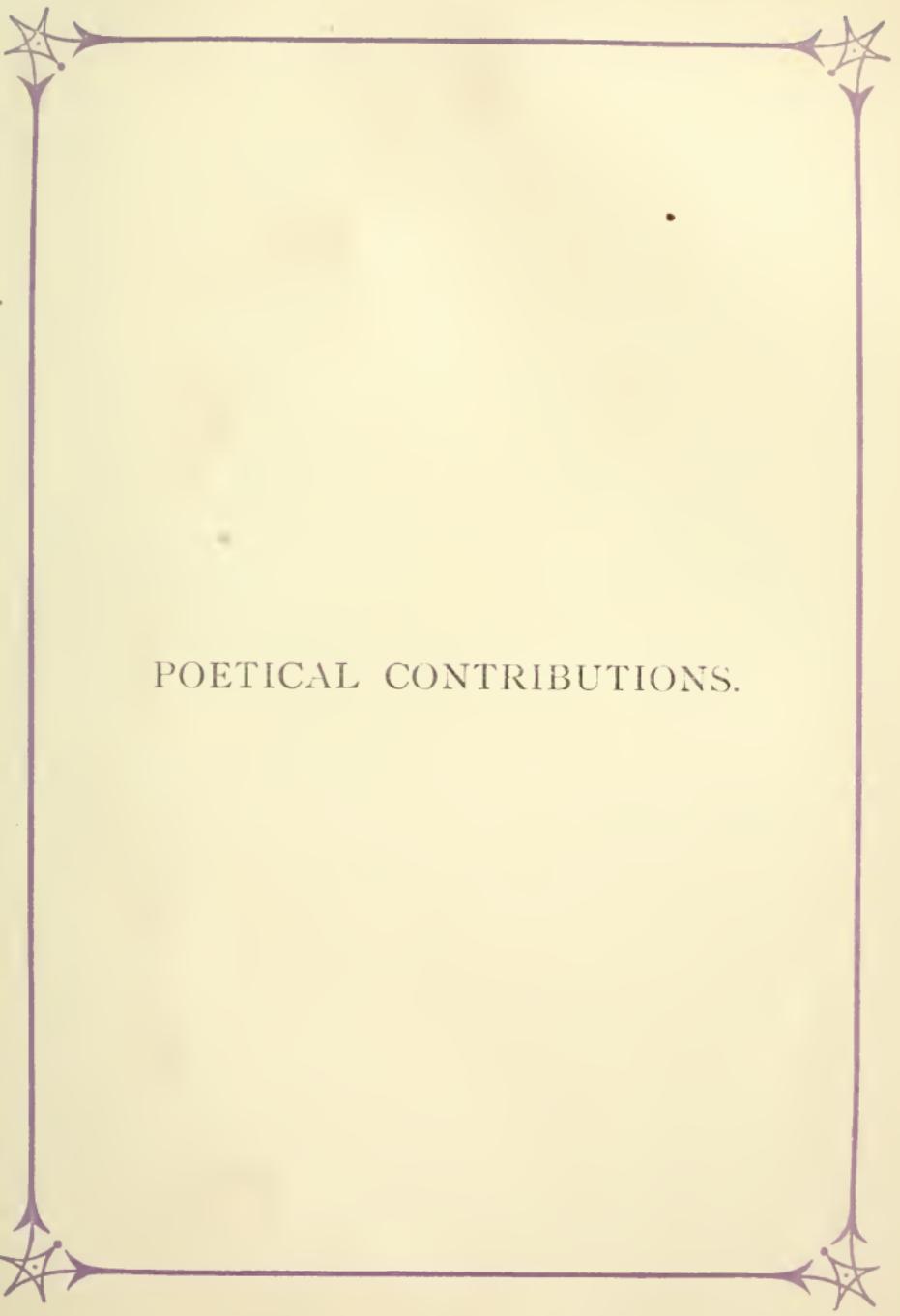
SERAPHIM SOPHIE.

THEY live, who die for living Urns,
Embalm their dust of *priceless* worth ;
World wide their memory breathes and burns
An *angel's* grave *fills* all the earth.

Your loved. J——,

Md.





POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.



FOR H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB.

“THE DYING GIRL.”

BY EUGENE M—, OF COLUMBUS, S.C.

THEY say I'm failing fast, mother, indeed, I feel
it so,

For all seems overcast, mother, and my cheeks
have ceased to glow ;

Just place your hand near to my heart, how wild
its fever beats,

They'll soon be still, I know they will, and then
my sleep, how sweet !

Oh “raise me on your arm,”* mother, that I may
catch the breeze,

And feel its breath of balm, mother, fresh from
the cedar-trees ;

The flowers are full of life and joy, how rich the
lilacs bloom,

And see my rose, how sweet it blows, you'll bear
it to my tomb.

* Almost her last words, “Mamma, take me on your lap.”

'Tis merry May for some, mother, their joyous
 laughs I hear,
With happy songs they come, mother, those songs
 to me, how dear ;
Oh ! let them sing them by my bed, I'm sure 't will
 soothe my pain,
They'll hover round me, when I'm dead, that sweet,
 yet pleasant, strain.

The "light becomes more dim,"* mother, I cannot
 see your face,
My brain begins to swim, mother, my limbs grow
 cold apace ;
An angel bending from the skies, he says that "I
 must come,"
Oh ! Mother, dry your tearful eyes, "I'm going to
 my home."

* About 3 o'clock P.M., the *day* of her *death*, she said to me,
"Mamma, how dark it is," and the sun was shining bright.

FROM MRS. L——, OF KENTUCKY.

Room! Mother Earth, upon thy breast,
For this dear child of ours,
Give her a pleasant resting-place,
Amid thy buds and flowers.

Wrap gently round her tender form,
Thy cerements of mould,
For she was very lovely,
And just fifteen years old.

And ever since she smiled on us
Hath tenderest nurture known,
And now we weep to lay her down,
And leave her here alone.

We can't forget the morning kiss,
The parting of the night,
And words of love that on us stole
As softly as the light.

Ere Death came gently to the spot
Where she was wont to rest,
And bade us bear her from our home,
And lay her on thy breast.

Mother, we know we should rejoice,
That she has gone before,
Gone where the withering hand of Death
Shall touch her never more.

Gone to the realms of endless bliss,
To be an angel there,
Ere yet upon her spirit fell
A shadow or a care.

Yet when we think how dear she was,
To us in her brief stay,
A sigh will burst that one so loved,
So *early* passed away.

FOR DEAR SOPHIE.

FROM MISS S. M^{CL}—, OF LOUISIANA.

OH ! no, she is not lost, the loved and cherished,
Tho' slumbering deep beneath the cemetery sod,
'Tis but the worthless casket that has perished,
While she has gone before us unto God.

She is not lost ; in youth's bright sunny morning,
She gave her heart with all its hopes to God,
Then from the world and its allurements turning,
She meekly walked the path her Master trod.

She is not lost ; her lamp was trimmed and burn-
ing—

When rang the midnight cry, “Behold, He 's
here !”

And bright as dawn of the eternal morning,
It shone in death's lone vale serene and clear.

She is not lost, for with a love undying,
She gently hovers o'er the friends left here,
And towards the pearly gate is ever striving
To draw the wandering feet of those so dear.

Oh! no, she is not lost, the loved and cherished;
She lives in Heaven, to fade and die no more;
And when this tenement of clay has perished,
My soul will greet her on the eternal shore.

ON H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB.

FROM COUSIN H. S——, OF LOUISIANA.

YES, thou art fled ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form ;
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
That never felt a storm !
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

OH ! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief.
Now not a sullyng breath can rise
To dim thy " Glory in the skies ! "

WRITTEN FOR SOPHIE AT NIAGARA FALLS, 1870.

CHILD of a sunny brow,
Whose glossy hair
Is of the golden hue
Our Autumns wear.

So full of innocence,
Thy looks bespeak,
The angel's breath seems still
Upon thy cheek.

Thy eye reveals its home,
As does the dew,
For its sweet Heaven is seen
Within its blue.

Thy heart is like a stream,
(So pure thy days,)
On whose translucent breast
The lily plays.

How near is Heaven to thee,
Sweet child of ours ?
As near the budding stems
Are to the flowers !

ON H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB.

FROM MISS B—, OF CONNECTICUT.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes,
Through many a sunny day,
She may not smile, she will not rise,
The life hath passed away !
Yet there is a world of life beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep ;
She is there of whom our souls were fond,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The heart is cold whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye ;
And she lies pale who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.

Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep,
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound ;
There was a gladness in her very step
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is a silence still and deep ;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,
And her glossy auburn hair !
But though that lid may never wake,
From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone where young hearts do not break,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe;
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright curl we'll keep.
We have *only* given her back to God,
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

FROM MR. S. H—, NEW YORK.

SHE is not dead—the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led;
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,

The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

FOR H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB.

FROM MR. F. H. J——, OF NEW YORK.

AND half we deemed she needed not,
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of a kindly life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Alone unto our Father's will,
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

FOR H. SOPHIE N.

FROM MRS. E. M. S., NEW YORK.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow ;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
I have found the joys of heaven,
I am *one of the angel band* ;
To my head a *crown* is given,
And a *harp* is in my *hand*.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
Oh! friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
You're walking still the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glorious sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Why then should your tears roll down,
Or your heart be sorely riven,
For another *gem* in the Saviour's crown,
And another *soul* in *Heaven*?

A LA MEMORIA DE LA MUY ESTIMADA Y
SENTIDA SEÑORITA H. SOPHIE N.

FROM HER FAITHFUL SERVANT, G. G.

¡SOPHIE! ¡Sophie! ¿Donde estas? ¿Que haces?
¿Que es de ti? Que gran pesar es la incertidumbre.

Los corazones que no se saben explicar, son los que mas padecen: asi me sucede ami no pudiendo expresar mi gratitud hacia ti.

Cada vez que lo pienso, no puedo continuar ni aun mi curso natural tal es el sentimiento que has dejado: Cuantas lagrimas he deramado por ti y cuantas veces tu dulce memoria despierta mi corazon.

Tus sonrisas las tengo tan presentes;

Que sonrio al verte sonreir:

Cuando contemplaba tu graciosa frente;

Poco pensaba que habias de morir.

La unica verdad en este mundo es la muerte. .

¿Quien hubiera pronosticado tu futura suerte

viéndote tan graciosa, tan pura, llena de vida, amabilidad virtud, inocencia, y hermosura ?

¡ Habra razon para dejar de lamentarte habiendo sido victimá inocente ?

¡ Oh gran Dios ! Perdona mi flagueza si te ofendo ; pero no puedo menos de creer que te has equivocado en dar la muerte a la mas buena y virtuosa de las criaturas.

No es posible poder continuar, pensando en la catastrofe que has consentido.

¿ Que intencion es la tuya al darme este cruel castigo ? ¿ Por que no me matas de una vez ?

Mas veo una estrella que ilumina la razon y oigo una voz, que dice.

¡ Detente ! No pases de la esfera de la razón.

¡ No ves a cada instante los tropiezos de esta vida ? Considera que todos estamos espuestos a pasarlos y feliz del que como " Sophie ;" sin haber tenido tropiezo ni embarazo, en este mundo, sea llamado a gozar de la Gloria en donde se encontrarán todos los justos. Amen.



May 3 - 1939

